

Metropolitan, Mildmay Mission, Royal Free, St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, Camberwell Infirmary, City of London Infirmary, Addenbrooke's, Ipswich General, Norfolk and Norwich, Royal Victoria, Hospital, Dover, Royal Hospital, Sheffield, and the Royal Sussex County. Six of these had served as missionaries in Africa, India, Korea and Palestine. Her Majesty was conducted round the "Native Doctor's Shop," "the Itinerating Tent," "The Zenana," "The Palestine Dispensary," and the "Operating Theatre," and expressed herself as much interested in all the exhibits.

OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

DUTY FROM DAY TO DAY.

From France Sister Wood writes:—"We have been very busy, 447 patients attended during May, and we have visited 263 people. We have had some very good results through treating most obstinate cases of scabies, all over the body (imagine the torture), instilling at the same time principles of cleanliness. We have also had several maternity cases. One most interesting. A brave Poilu's baby was born in a tinker's caravan, a *voulotte*, as they are called. The nursing was rather difficult, as I kept bumping my head against the top of the 'house.' The douche can had to be held outside the window to have the slightest effect. To show their gratitude for our services, these good people asked us if we had an umbrella or pot to mend, as they would be most happy to do it. On the third day I found the Mother up and well, and baby in perfect health and minus its cord! The father belonged to the Infantry, and his Croix de Guerre was covered with palms and crosses. He also had the Medaille Militaire and the Fourragère. He went off to Amiens, and his wife and two sons followed in his wake, awaiting his demobilisation and his return to the life of a tinker! There were literally swarms of pretty children playing in the dust round the caravans, all as happy as could be, tumbling over one another like a lot of puppies.

"This afternoon the round was a most interesting one. We passed through Méry—where the Germans got their first great set back in June-July last year; the houses are nearly all uninhabitable. The returned people live in barracks. Then we went through Bellay and Lataube—the roadside was strewn with enormous shells, the camouflage had not been taken down, there were even German gun carriages standing about, almost hidden now by glorious blazing poppies, extraordinarily bright against the blue sky, verdant grass and chalky white earth. You would love to see the poppies and cornflowers growing in splendid masses, all over the erstwhile battlefields—as if to endeavour to efface all traces of the terrific warfare waged here only a year ago. And indeed there is something hopeful and inspiring about the sight of these ovely, brilliant poppies swaying in the wind.

"To-day we went to our fifth baby case. Another beautiful boy—a son of France—born in a village, where nearly every house is shattered, and where from every nook and cranny in the roadside, roses grow in clusters, filling the air with exquisite perfume.

"Last week a message came through from St. J—, where a frightful accident had occurred that morning—a pressing demand for an ambulance waggon, to take a patient to B— hospital. A British soldier had left the train for a couple of minutes; on returning his foot caught in a piece of wire, he missed his footing, slipped under the train, which began to move, and alas! went over both his legs—both fearfully crushed. I went to him, knowing how little a local military infirmier would be able to do for him. When we arrived at St. J—, the crowd directed me to where he lay. How his poor white face lit up when he opened his eyes and saw me! He put out his hand and said "Sister." The Frenchmen were more than kind, but an evident relief to speak to a country-woman. Brave lad, he bore his pain splendidly—only 26, and on his way home to be married, after serving in the East all through the war. How sad a fate after his noble service for his country! . . . Such a sad journey. I feared death for him, before he arrived at the hospital. The Nuns were most kind, he was taken straight into the operating room, and passed away before anything could be done. I passed on his messages to relations and friends, and wrote his fiancée and sent her a lock of her lover's hair.

"The F.A.N. driver and I found some exquisite white flowers, which the Nuns allowed us to take to the little mortuary ourselves—so sad to leave him there alone. I found the widow of a C. of E. clergyman, and she brought a timid Frenchman who was doing temporary duty. So all was done that could be done for the mortal remains—the bright young spirit had passed to well-earned rest and joy."

A Sister writes from Folembay:—"I never saw anything like the wild flowers here—the fields have been a perfect picture. The poppies, especially each side of the trenches, have been a marvel. You could trace the trenches as far as you could see by the line of poppies—a blood-red line! One boy said to me—'I think the poppies are much more red than before the war—I wonder if it is because there has been so much blood shed here. The fighting here was terrific.'"

Such ardent and precious blood! One loves to think it has found its way towards the sun—through kind old Mother Earth.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Things are saturated with the moral law. There is no escape from it. Violets and grass preach it; rain and snow, wind and tides, every change and every cause in Nature is nothing but a disguised missionary.—Emerson.

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